

The sweet ft. deer ft creature's dead: & vengeance for't
Not drop'd downe yet.

Lord. The higher powres forbid.

Paul. I say she's dead: Ile swear't. If word, nor oath
Preuaile not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre in her lip, her eye
Heate outwardly, or breath within, Ile serue you
As I would do the Gods. But, O thou Tyrant,
Do not repent these things, for they are heauier
Then all thy woes can stirre: therefore betake thee
To nothing but dispaire. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand yeares together, naked, fasting,
Vpon a barren Mountaine, and still Winter
In storme perpetuall, could not moue the Gods
To looke that way thou wert.

Leo. Go on, go on:

Thou canst not speake too much, I haue deseru'd
All tongues to talke their bitrest.

Lord. Say no more;

How ere the businesse goes, you haue made fault
I th boldnesse of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for't;

All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I haue shew'd too much
The rashnesse of a woman: he is toucht
To th' Noble heart. What's gone, and what's past helpe
Should be past griefe: Do not receiue affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that haue minded you
Of what you should forget. Now (good my Liege)
Sir, Royall Sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The loue I bore your Queene (Lo, foole againe)
Ile speake of her no more, nor of your Children:
Ile not remember you of my owne Lord,
(Who is lost too) take your patience to you,
And Ile say nothing.

Leo. Thou didst speake but well,
When most the truth: which I receiue much better,
Then to be pittied of thee. Prethee bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queene, and Sonne,
One graue shall be for both: Vpon them shall
The causes of their death appeare (vnto
Our shame perpetuall) once a day, Ile visit
The Chappell where they lye, and teares shed there
Shall be my recreation. So long as Nature
Will beare vp with this exercise, so long
I dayly vow to vse it. Come, and leade me
To these sorrowes.

Exeunt

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Antigonus, a Mariner, Babe, Sheepe-
heard, and Clowne.*

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ship hath toucht vpon
The Desarts of Bohemia.

Mar. I (my Lord) and feare

We haue Landed in ill time: the skies looke grimly,
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience
The heauens with that we haue in hand, are angry,
And frowne vpon's.

Ant. Their sacred wil's be done: go get a-board,
Looke to thy barke, Ile not be long before

I call vpon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too-farre i'th Land: 'tis like to be lowd weather,
Besides this place is famous for the Creatures
Of prey, that keepe vpon't.

Antig. Go thou away,

Ile follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart

To be forridde o'th businesse.

Ant. Come, poore babe;

I haue heard (but not beleu'd) the Spirits o'th' dead

May walke againe: if such thing be, thy Mother

Appear'd to me last night: for ne're was dreame

So like a waking. To me comes a creature,

Sometimes her head on one side, some another,

I neuer saw a vessell of like sorrow

So fill'd, and so becoming: in pure white Robes

Like very sanctity she did approach

My Cabine where I lay: thrice bow'd before me,

And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes

Became two spouts; the furie spent, anon

Did this breake from her. Good Antigonus,

Since Fate (against thy better disposition)

Hath made thy person for the Thower-out

Of my poore babe, according to thine oath,

Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weepe, and leaue it crying: and for the babe

Is counted lost for euer, *Perdita*

I prethee call't: For this yngentle businesse

Put on thee, by my Lord, thou ne're shalt see

Thy Wife *Paulina* more: and so, with shriekes

Shemelted into Ayre. Affrighted much,

I did in time collect my selfe, and thought

This was so, and no flumbe: Dreames, are toyes,

Yet for this once, yea superstitiously,

I will be squar'd by this. I do beleuee

Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that

Apollo would (this being indeede the issue

Of King *Polixenes*) it should heere be laide

(Either for life, or death) vpon the earth

Of it's right Father. Blossome, speed thee well,

There lye, and there thy charrafter: there these,

Which may if Fortune please, both breed thee (pretty)

And fill rest thine. The storme begins, poore wretch,

That for thy mothers fault, art thus expos'd

To losse, and what may follow. Weepe I cannot,

But my heart bleedes: and most accurst am I

To be by oath enioyn'd to this. Farewell,

The day frownes more and more: thou'rt like to haue

A lullaby too rough: I neuer saw

The heauens so dim, by day. A sauage clamor?

Well may I get a-board: This is the Chace,

I am gone for euer. *Exit pursued by a Bear.*

Shep. I would there were no age betwene ten and

three and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest

for there is nothing (in the betwene) but getting wench-

ches with childe, wronging the Auncientry, stealing,

fighting, hearke you now: would any but these boyde-

braines of nineteene, and two and twenty hunt this wea-

ther? They haue scarr'd away two of my best Sheepe,

which I feare the Wolfe will sooner finde then the Mai-

ster; if any where I haue them, 'tis by the sea-side, bror-

zing of Iuy. Good-lucke (and't be thy will) what haue

we heere? Mercy on's, a Barne? A very pretty barne; A

boy, or a Childe I wonder? (A pretty one, a verie prettie

one) sure some Scape; Though I am not bookish, yet I

Exit

Enter Time, the Clowne.

Time. I that please some, to

Of good, and bad: that makes

Now take vpon me (in the name)

To vse my wings: Impute it ne

To me, or my swift passage, th

Ore sixteene yeeres, and leaue

Of that wide gap, since it is in

To orethrow Law, and in one

To plant, and ore-whelme Cul

The same I am, ere ancient 'st O

Or what is now receiu'd. I wi

The times that brought them i

To th' freshest things now reig

The glittering of this present, a

Now seemes to it: your patien

I turne my glasse, and giue my

As you had slept betwene: *Le*

Th' effects of his fond ieaousie

That he shuts vp himselfe. Im

(Gentle Spectators) that I now

In faire Bohemia, and rememb

I mentioned a sonne o'th' Kings

I now name to you: and with

To speake of *Perdita*, now gro

Equall with wond'ring. Wha

I list not prophesie: but let Tim

Be knowne when 'tis brought f

And what to her adheres, whic

Is th' argument of Time: of th

If euer you haue spent time wor

If neuer, yet that Time himselfe

He wishes earnestly, you neuer

Scena Secunda.

Enter Polixenes, a

Pol. I pray thee (good Cam

nate: 'tis a sicknesse denying th

grant this.

Cam. It is fiftene yeeres si

though I haue (for the most pa

fire to lay my bones there. B

(my Master) hath sent for me, t

I might be some ally, or I ore

is another spur to my departu

Pol. As thou lou'st me (*Cam*

of thy seruices, by leauing me

thee, thine owne goodnesse ha

haue had thee, then thus to wa

me Businesse, (which none (w

ently manage) must either stay

or take away with thee the very

which if I haue not enough co

cannot) to bee more thankefull

die, and my profite therein, th

Of that farall Countrey Sicilia

whose very naming, punnishes n

B

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Hilloa, loa.

Shep. What? art so neere? If thou'lt see a thing to
talke on, when thou art dead and rotten, come hither:
what ayl'st thou, man?

Clow. I haue scene two such sights, by Sea & by Land:
but I am not to say it is a Sea, for it is now the skie, be-
twixt the Firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkins
point.

Shep. Why boy, how is it?

Clow. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it ra-
ges, how it takes vp the shore, but that's not to the point:
Oh, the most pitteous cry of the poore foules, sometimes
to see 'em, and not to see 'em: Now the Shippe boaring
the Moone with her maine Mast, and anon swallowed
with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a Corke into a hog's-
head. And then for the Land-seruice, to see how the
Beare tore out his shoulder-bone, how he cride to mee
for helpe, and said his name was *Antigonus*, a Nobleman:
But to make an end of the Ship, to see how the Sea flap-
dragon'd it: but first, how the poore foules roared, and
the sea mock'd them: and how the poore Gentleman roa-
red, and the Beare mock'd him, both roaring lower
then the sea, or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this boy?

Clow. Now, now: I haue not wink'd since I saw these
sights: the men are not yet cold vnder water, nor the
Beare halfe din'd on the Gentleman: he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had bin by, to haue help'd the olde

man.

Clow. I would you had beene by the ship side, to haue
help'd her: there your charity would haue lack'd footing.

Shep. Heauy matters, heauy matters: but looke thee
heere boy. Now blesse thy selfe: thou met'st with things
dying, I with things new borne. Here's a fight for thee:
Looke thee, a bearing-cloath for a Squires childe: looke
thee heere, take vp, take vp (Boy:) open't: so, let's see, it
was told me I should be rich by the Fairies. This is some
Changeling: open't: what's within, boy?

Clow. You're a mad olde man: If the finnes of your
youth are forgiven you, you're well to liue. Golde, all
Gold.

Shep. This is Faery Gold boy, and 'twill proue so: vp
with't, keepe it close: home, home, the next way. We
are luckie (boy) and to bee so still requires nothing but
secrecie. Let my sheepe go: Come (good boy) the next
way home.

Clow. Go you the next way with your Findings, Ile go
see if the Beare bee gone from the Gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are neuer curst but when they
are hungry: if there be any of him left, Ile bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: if thou mayest discerne by
that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to th' sight
of him.

Clow. 'Marry will I: and you shall helpe to put him
i'th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds
on't.

Exeunt